

INVINCIBLE 551

[Chapter 551: Breakthrough to God Realm](#)

Bloody lines emerged on Huang Xiaolong's skin akin multiple blood dragons etched on his flesh, a ghastly sight that would make anyone palpitate.

But, just as these dragon-like blood streaks emerged, a myriad of golden light shone through the cracks of his skin from the inside. Bit by bit, the red lines disappeared as his body mended.

Before one could breathe in relief, in the next second, his skin split once more. And so it repeated, crack, mend, crack, mend, for three whole days!

Three days!

In these three days, the pain he experienced was akin to his soul having bad cramps.

This hurt a million times more than the time his body exploded and was rebuilt by the Dragon Pearl. One couldn't imagine the excruciating pain of his body hanging on the verge of blowing up every second, yet this damn torturous pain repeated time and again with no end in sight.

At one point, when Huang Xiaolong felt like he could barely endure another second, as if he'd lose his mind from the pain, his overdrawn True Dragon Physique finally stopped cracking. From then on, regardless of how fiercely the innate spiritual embryo's awareness struggled and resisted, crashing its spiritual energy against Huang Xiaolong body, his True Dragon Physique remained stable as a rock.

As the Treasure Dragon Protective Shield Art diagram formation swallowed abundant spiritual energy, strands of space and time laws were also absorbed by it, transferring them to Huang Xiaolong.

Above Huang Xiaolong's soul sea, gleaming lights filled every corner. Time and space laws swayed like fine threads, growing stronger and longer with each glimmer.

In the beginning, these time and space law thread were like fine, delicate wool threads measuring two to three centimeters, but as time passed, these time and space law threads grew thicker, growing longer.

After half a year had passed, those time and space law threads were thick as a red thread^[1] and ten centimeters long.

Half a year refining the innate spiritual embryo brought unimaginable transformations to Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea and dantian.

The battle qi in Qi Sea was now a golden liquid of high viscosity, vibrant and potent, even his Qi Sea seemed to shake as if it was holding a bright sun that was about to explode. And within the space of his dantian, ten glossy beads formed from his true essence energy glittered, the primordial divine dragon inside each bead looked like they were about to break free from the bead.

The innate spiritual embryo's resistance had stopped altogether by now.

Suddenly, a rippling sound came from Huang Xiaolong's body as he sat motionless in a cross-legged position at the center of the Xumi Temple, followed by dazzling crepuscular rays. He quivered visibly, feeling as if the battle qi within his Qi Sea had broken through a giant dam, rushing into a mysterious meridian.

Simultaneously, the ten divine dragons inside the ten beads within his dantian flew out, the beads disappeared.

On the outside, Huang Xiaolong's True Dragon Physique glowed like lustrous jade stone, refracting light.

God Realm!

After half a year of nonstop refinement of the innate spiritual embryo's spiritual energy, Huang Xiaolong finally broke through from peak half-step God Realm to God Realm!

God Realm masters in the Black Tortoise Galaxy were like a pseudo-deity existence! In the vast galaxy, below the God Realm all were mortals. Regardless of world surface, in any family or clan, a God Realm master had a high standing.

However, even after breaking into the God Realm, Huang Xiaolong did not stop. Instead, suppressing the jubilation in his heart, he continued to refine and absorb the spiritual embryo.

Eight months turned into nine months.

One year passed.

Not only did Huang Xiaolong solidify his recent breakthrough to God Realm, his strength continued to rise, advancing through the orders.

Early First Order God Realm, peak early First Order, mid-First Order, peak mid-First Order!

Two years passed.

One day, the figure sitting in the middle of the Ten Buddha Formation opened his eyes. This simple action was enough to cause the airflow to rumble like thunder.

Huang Xiaolong stood up, his eyes shining brightly sensing the tremendous power surging through him. Two years of closed-door practice, not only had he succeeded to break through to God Realm, he even advanced to peak late-First Order God Realm. Just a little bit more and he could step into Second Order God Realm!

In his initial estimation, after refining the innate spiritual embryo, he would at most be able to reach late-First Order, reaching peak late-First Order was an unexpected pleasant surprise.

Late and peak First-order couldn't be mentioned in the same breath, for the gap in strength was incomparable.

His spiritual force delved into his own body, carefully noting the condition of his body. Each vein and meridian resembled a coiling primordial divine dragon, his viscera and six bowels were like clear crystals, as if they had transformed from flesh and blood to jadestone form. Honestly, this gave Huang Xiaolong a fright.

Recovering quickly, he immediately noticed that his True Dragon Physique's defense and power had increased by at least tenfold. If his True Dragon Physique was said to be perversely strong prior to reaching God Realm, now it would be a super perverse physique.

Huang Xiaolong believed that he could crumble an ancient divine mountain with a mere punch.

Going further down into his dantian, Huang Xiaolong found something new: there were strands of immortal essence force circulating within.

That's right, immortal essence force! His true essence had fully evolved, turning into immortal essence force!

Whereas in his soul sea, the threads of time and space laws had grown thumb-sized thick, one meter in length each, adding up to thirteen thousand, six hundred and fifty-two threads!

Thirteen thousand, six hundred and fifty-two threads!

Generally speaking, rare geniuses from super forces could form about a hundred of these time and space law threads in their soul sea, usually as thick as a red thread and no more than a dozen centimeters long.

Second Order God Realm masters could accumulate up to over one thousand, even a peak late-Second Order God Realm barely had more than ten thousand time and space law threads.

On the other hand, Huang Xiaolong hadn't even advanced to Second Order God Realm, yet he already formed more than thirteen thousand time and space law threads!

If this matter was made known, people would be shocked to their core!

The difference between a strong and weak God Realm master, other than their physical attributes, battle skills, and cultivation technique, the time and space law threads within their soul sea also played a crucial role.

The more time and space threads they formed in their soul sea, the more powerful their attack would be, and the bigger the individual's potential was.

"Zeze, thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-two threads!" Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi's envious voice sounded. "Moreover, each one is thumb-sized thick and one meter long. Little brat Huang, aren't you too perverse? Even some Third Order God Realm masters' time and space threads cannot compare to yours."

Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi was speaking the truth. Indeed, the majority of Third Order God Realm masters' time and space law threads were severely lacking compared to Huang Xiaolong's.

Huang Xiaolong flashed a sheepish smile, "Really?"

"Realer than a pearl[2]." Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi subsequently added, "But, what ability did you get after refining the innate spiritual embryo?"

Of course a peerless treasure such as the innate spiritual embryo had other benefits other than simple enhancement of cultivation and strength.

Huang Xiaolong became excitement being reminded of this, his hand extended up like he was gathering something from the void. Before the astonished Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi, ample pure spiritual energy sprung vigorously from the void, condensing into a piece of spirit stone!

Spirit stone!

Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi went totally blank!

This! What was this? This little rascal could draw the spiritual energy hidden in the deep void, condensing them into spirit stones?!

Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi felt like fainting, wishing he could faint right there and then. 'Isn't this too much? Doesn't this mean this rascal's future is radiant and gleaming with an infinite amount of spirit stones that he'll never see the bottom of?!'

[Chapter 552: Summoning The Gates of Hell](#)

Yes, after refining the innate spiritual embryo, the ability Huang Xiaolong obtained was transforming the pure spiritual energy within the void into spirit stones!

Huang Xiaolong looked at the spirit stone hovering in the air. His hand moved, a gentle force pulled the spirit stone to his palm. Spiritual energy flowed with vigor, plentiful and vibrant. However, Huang Xiaolong was still slightly disappointed because the spirit stone in his hand was merely a grade two spirit stone.

Although a grade two spirit stone was valuable in a small world surface like the Martial Spirit World, in the Black Tortoise Galaxy only grade one spirit stones and above had value.

"Sweat, I say little Huang rascal, you actually don't know contentment!" Sensing Huang Xiaolong's thoughts, Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi fumed, "This is the first time you're using this ability and already you can condense a grade two spirit stone. As this ability of yours continues to grow stronger along with your strength, condensing a grade one spirit stone is only a matter of time."

The cloud of disappointment instantly vanished from Huang Xiaolong's face.

That's right, that was just his first time testing this ability, he easily condensed a grade two spirit stone from the void just like that. As he practiced more in the future, this ability would grow stronger. Condensing a grade one spirit stone was only a matter of time.

Not restricted to grade one spirit stones, there was the possibility of condensing saint grade, even divine grade spirit stones, he'd be able to do it!

Huang Xiaolong once again extended his palm to the void, instantly attracting abundant spiritual energy rushing toward his palm, spiraling, condensing, becoming more compact until a second spirit stone was formed.

This piece of spirit stone contained much ampler spiritual energy than the first one, and the flow of spiritual energy inside was much more stable. Despite that, it was still a grade two spirit stone.

Adamant, he condensed one after another, tirelessly gathering, tirelessly transforming.

Whorls of pure spiritual energy kept surging in the void, being turned into spirit stones one after another.

One hour, two hours... three hours passed.

Huang Xiaolong swallowed a divine grade spirit pellet and initiated his martial spirit ability Instant Recovery, rapidly replenishing his depleted battle qi. Despite seemingly easy for him to condense spiritual energy into spirit stone, the amount of battle qi required in the process was a terrifying amount.

If it weren't for the fact that Huang Xiaolong had broken through to peak late-First Order God Realm, this endless creation of spirit stones would have probably devoured all the battle qi in his Qi Sea in half an hour's time.

Having recovered his battle qi, Huang Xiaolong continued to condense more spirit stones.

Soon, the day had passed.

Huang Xiaolong's speed of gathering and condensing spiritual energy became faster. The first piece of spiritual stone took him a dozen breaths' time, but now, a day later, he merely needed two to three breaths' time to condense one spirit stone as he grew apter and more familiar with controlling the ability.

A day later, despite the spirit stones remaining grade two, they upgraded from low to medium grade two spirit stones. Though it was only a small improvement, Huang Xiaolong was thrilled. At this rate, the day he'll be able to condense low grade one spirit stone was not far away.

Time flowed, taking away another half a month with it.

The spirit stones he condensed improved from low grade to medium, and now they had reached high grade two spirit stones. Not to mention, the time it took had greatly reduced as well—one breath's time. Huang Xiaolong merely needed one breath's time to churn out a piece of high grade two spirit stone.

One month later.

The spirit stones' quality continued to improve, reaching top grade two spirit stones. Above top grade two spirit stone was grade one spirit stone!

In this one month, every time Huang Xiaolong's battle qi was depleted, he would stop to recover, then start again the moment his battle qi recovered. He noticed that through this continuous cycle of depletion, the liquid form battle qi in his Qi Sea actually increased. Moreover, he noticed that this one month's practice actually fine-tuned his control over battle qi.

Two months passed.

Huang Xiaolong grasped at the void. In a flash, three spirit stones fell from the air.

By now, within a breath's time, he could condense three spirit stones.

However, Huang Xiaolong's brows furrowed deeply looking at that three spirit stones. Two months had passed, but he was still unable to condense grade one spirit stones. Regardless of how much he tried to compact the spiritual energy when gathering it, the highest grade he managed to achieve until now was top second grade spirit stone.

"The fact that you can already condense top grade two spirit stones in just two months is already admirable." Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi spoke, "As for grade one spirit stones, it is not something that can be rushed, if it was that easy, then it wouldn't be so valuable."

Huang Xiaolong inhaled deeply, nodding at Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi's words. Then he turned over, looking at the large piece of jade stone that protected the innate spiritual embryo previously. This was a material that surpassed divine grade spirit stone in value.

An idea flashed through his mind as he looked at the huge piece of jade stone. It was after refining the spiritual embryo that he obtained this ability, perhaps this jade stone that nurtured the embryo could help him condense grade one spirit stones.

With that one mind, his spiritual force slowly submerged into the jade stone, arriving at a grayish space, almost like Chaos.

Huang Xiaolong quivered; that's right, space!

It was space!

Spirit stones grade one and above all has an independent space within!

As a God Realm master that was able to manipulate the time and space laws, creating an independent space could be done with a point of his finger.

Retrieving his spiritual force out from the jade stone, Huang Xiaolong immediately tried it out, hand grasping at the air. From the deep void, pure spiritual energy rushed out, turning into a spirit stone in a bright flash.

This spirit stone was clearly different than the ones before.

The flowing spiritual energy contained inside the spirit stone could be felt even on the outside, plentiful, vigorous, and stable. Not so much as a hair strand of spiritual energy leaked out as it hovered in midair. Like a clear crystal, emitting an alluring light.

"Grade one spirit stone!" Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi blurted out in shock when he saw this latest spirit stone. Just moments ago, he advised Huang Xiaolong that it couldn't be rushed and in the next moment he already condensed a grade one spirit stone.

Huang Xiaolong stretched open his palm, a force wrapped around the spirit stone and flew into his palm. Turning the spirit stone in his hand, he chuckled in a silly manner. Finally, he succeeded in condensing a grade one spirit stone. Even more delightful was that this grade one spirit stone in his hand was close to a medium grade one.

Immersed in his joy, Huang Xiaolong tried another time. After bright flashes, pieces of grade one spirit stone fell from midair.

However, after two months passed, Huang Xiaolong noticed that regardless of how he tried, the best he was able to achieve was medium grade one spirit stone.

“It’s most likely related to the time and space law manipulation that you refined.” Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi spoke after contemplating the matter, “The stronger your comprehension in the two laws, the steadier the space you create inside a spirit stone will be, hence the purer the spiritual energy. Only then will the grade of spirit stone increase.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded in agreement.

For now, it seems he would have to wait until he broke through to Second Order God Realm if he wanted to condense a high grade one spirit stone. Finding the crux of the problem, Huang Xiaolong finally stopped.

There were still five months to the outer disciple assessment, thus Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to exit.

“Oh right, my Asura Tactics has reached the tenth layer, I can probably summon the Gates of Hell to cross over!” Huang Xiaolong was instantly excited.

Hell, a high level upper world surface comparable to the Divine World. Entering a place like that, absorbing the spiritual energy from a high level surface for his cultivation would bring unimaginable benefits to Huang Xiaolong.

[Chapter 553: Stepping Into Hell](#)

In that moment, Huang Xiaolong immediately ran Asura Tactics, attempting to summon the Gates of Hell according to the secret method stated within the Asura Tactics.

Strands of black-red energy swirled around Huang Xiaolong for a dozen minutes when all of a sudden, the space above him warped, revealing the shadow of a dark black gate.

This dark black gate was three zhang tall and three zhang wide. Wisps of black-red energy similar to the energy around Huang Xiaolong flowed out from the gate and with it an aura of desolate, bleak silence, deathly, frigid, sinister.

“What is this?!” Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi was shocked.

“This is the Gate of Hell.” Huang Xiaolong explained in a concise sentence.

When Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi found out that Huang Xiaolong’s Asura Tactics could summon a gateway leading to Hell upon reaching the tenth level, Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi was agape with awe.

Wasn’t this Asura Tactics breaking the natural order of things, to be able to connect Hell with an inferior world surface?!

Was there such a perverse cultivation technique in this universe? Probably, even the Divine World had never heard of a technique of this nature.

One had to be aware, crossing over between an inferior and higher world surface was equivalent to breaking the law of the universe.

It took quite some time before Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi recovered from his shock, his spiritual sense probed the Gate of Hell that Huang Xiaolong summoned. As an afterthought, he said, "Hell is a higher plane, its natural laws are way more profound and vast compared to our inferior world, and it's bound by much stronger gravity. Entering at your current cultivation, it might be hard for you to adapt. You need to pay attention to it."

Huang Xiaolong was dazed for a second, he had not given any thoughts to all these things.

Subsequently, Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi brought up many other possible issues that Huang Xiaolong may encounter upon venturing into Hell. Although Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi had never been to Hell, he used to be a Highgod Realm master more than a hundred thousand years ago, his scope of knowledge far exceeded Huang Xiaolong's.

Huang Xiaolong listened attentively, committing everything to memory.

One hour later, his silhouette flickered through the gateway.

The moment he passed through the gateway, an extreme frigid Yin energy enveloped him, the piercing cold could be felt deep into the bones.

Alarmed, Huang Xiaolong swiftly circulated his battle qi, shrouding his body. Only then did he feel better.

Huang Xiaolong felt like he had crossed fifty to sixty thousand li through the black space tunnel before he suddenly felt lighter. The scene in front of him changed as he stepped into an endless bleak world.

This world was barren, desolate, gloomy, and cold like all life was sucked out of it.

Before Huang Xiaolong could register his surroundings, an overwhelming pressure rushed toward him from all directions. To Huang Xiaolong, it was like having an insurmountable great mountain fall down on his back, so heavy that he couldn't even stand up straight. Both of his feet were weighted down like they were shackled with a million catties of weight, even lifting a foot was difficult. On top of that, Huang Xiaolong discovered that he could hardly breathe properly.

These feelings resembled a mortal being thrown into the deep seabed.

'This!' Huang Xiaolong was astounded. Despite the fact that Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi had reminded him earlier that the gravity force was greater than the inferior world surface they were on, this pressure far exceeded Huang Xiaolong's estimation. It was more than ten thousand times stronger than the Black Tortoise Galaxy.

For if it was only ten thousand times, based on Huang Xiaolong's current strength at peak late-First Order God Realm, he wouldn't be rendered to this state, failing to stand up straight. Hence, he had no other option but to exert full effort to circulate his battle qi to form a protective vigor barrier to resist the pressure.

Once he was enshrouded within the protective vigor barrier, Huang Xiaolong felt better and relaxed slightly, finally being able to stand up straight. His eyes surveyed the surroundings, but only sand and boulders entered his sight, gusts of black wind emitting chilling air howled endlessly in the air.

These black gales were a hundred times colder than the Black Tortoise Galaxy's frost tempest. If Huang Xiaolong hadn't broken through to God Realm, if he did not have the True Dragon Physique, one brush of this black gale would instantly turn him into an ice statue.

Although Huang Xiaolong had stepped into the God Realm and possessed the True Dragon Physique, looking at this black wind blowing past, he still felt chilly air drilling into his flesh.

"So, this is Hell?" Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi's curious voice sounded before it turned into a lament, "A higher world surface is truly different, the spiritual energy is so dense, and such high quality!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded. He felt it too, the spiritual energy in Hell was much purer and denser than he could describe in comparison to the Black Tortoise Galaxy. Even the spiritual energy in his Master's manor seemed lacking in comparison, in both density and quality. If the spiritual energy in the Black Tortoise Galaxy was of second grade, then Hell's spiritual energy was definitely divine grade.

In short, the Black Tortoise Galaxy was inferior.

"This is probably one of the smaller surfaces in Hell." Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi stated his opinion.

Hell's most powerful forces were the Asura Plane, Ghost Plane, and Souls Plane. Other than these three planes, there were other planes. Just like the Vientiane Divine Surface that governed the Black Tortoise Galaxy, it was just another surface in the higher Divine World.

Hell and the Divine World were similar in terms of their boundless horizons.

Huang Xiaolong spread out his spiritual sense only to discover that his spiritual sense was met with strong resistance, limiting him to a radius of thirty li. In the Black Tortoise Galaxy, his spiritual sense could extend more than a hundred thousand li in radius.

Then Huang Xiaolong tried to fly up and take a lot around. To his dismay, however, he was unable to fly, his ability to move in the air was lost.

'This..?' His eyes widened in disbelief.

"Hehe, dumbfounded right?" Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi laughed wickedly, "Didn't I tell you? Hell is a higher world surface, its laws are more profound than the world surfaces below. Restrained by the natural laws here, my guess is that you need to be at least a Highgod Realm to be able to reluctantly fly."

"Highgod Realm masters can only reluctantly fly?!" Huang Xiaolong was stunned.

"That's right. You're a peak late-First Order God Realm comparable to an average Third Order God Realm. In the galaxies below, you can be considered an elite existence, but here, in a higher world surface, you're no different than a Houtian warrior from the galaxies below." Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi drew a clear picture for Huang Xiaolong.

A Houtian warrior! Not even a Xiantian realm expert's level!

This damage was a little too big.

Then again, so what if he was a mere Houtian? Determination shone in Huang Xiaolong's eyes. When he was reborn in the Martial Spirit World, didn't he also start from the Houtian level? Cultivating step by step to the top?

Even if he were to reach a higher world surface like Hell in the future, Huang Xiaolong strongly believed he'd be able to climb up to the top, becoming a powerful existence.

He inhaled deeply. Now, however, since he couldn't fly, there was only the most primitive method—walking. Huang Xiaolong lifted his foot and took a step forward.

Displaying a movement skill, Huang Xiaolong's speed wasn't terribly slow, crossing almost a hundred li one hour later.

Still, one hundred li away from the starting point, the scenery did not change. Huang Xiaolong was still surrounded by sand and dust, and nothing else. The whole way, he didn't even come across a plant, not to mention another person.

"We're probably in a desert area. At your speed, we may not even get out of this desert in half a year's time." Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi said, "Forget about others, the purpose you come here for is to borrow the spiritual energy in Hell to cultivate. Cultivating here for a day is more beneficial than cultivating a year in the Black Tortoise Galaxy!"

Huang Xiaolong reluctantly nodded.

At the moment, he needed to put up a protective vigor barrier to protect himself from the pressure coming at him from all around, rapidly depleting his battle qi. Base on his current strength, he could stay here for three hours at most and would need to return to the Black Tortoise Galaxy when the time was up. Thus, every minute and every second was extremely precious to Huang Xiaolong.

Having decided what to do, Huang Xiaolong laid out a simple protection array around him, sitting down at the center, and began running the Asura Tactics, absorbing Hell's spiritual energy.

[Chapter 554: Advancing to Second Order God Realm](#)

As Huang Xiaolong began to circulate the Asura Tactics, spiritual energy in the proximity rushed toward him at rapid speed. His body quivered from head to toe as the first strand of spiritual energy drilled into his body, but quickly calmed down.

After the first cycle of absorbing and refining, excitement spread through Huang Xiaolong. This spiritual energy in Hell was even purer than he had imagined, it could be said that the spiritual energy he was absorbing now brought even better result than the Grandmist Desire Golden Pills. Moreover, he noticed that the spiritual energy here was actually beneficial in tempering his True Dragon Physique.

The Treasure Dragon Protective Shield Art diagram formation greedily absorbed this higher world surface spiritual energy, then transferred it to Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, his internal organs became increasingly stronger.

Two hours passed.

Huang Xiaolong stopped running his cultivation technique and stood up. The result of cultivating here for two hours surpassed his usual one month effort back in the Black Tortoise Galaxy.

When his consciousness submerged into his body, he 'saw' that after absorbing the high grade spiritual energy there were some changes to his dantian and the Asura Godforce in his Qi Sea. Despite being minuscule, Huang Xiaolong still noticed it. If he could cultivate in such environment for an extensive period of time, his Asura Godforce could definitely evolve.

Huang Xiaolong took a deep breath as he felt an increase in the overwhelming pressure coming from all directions. Summoning the gateway quickly, he flew through the passage, returning to the Black Tortoise Galaxy.

Back in the Black Tortoise Galaxy, Huang Xiaolong was overcome with exhaustion, like he was about to collapse in an instant. He quickly sat down in a meditative pose, swallowed a healing pellet and initiated his Instant Recovery ability to replenish his depleted battle qi.

This mediation took him a full day and night before he felt his Godforce return to peak condition. Huang Xiaolong was shocked. In the past, even after a desperate battle with others where he overdrew all his battle qi, once he employed the Instant Recovery martial spirit ability, it required less than one hour to return to his peak form. But this time, it actually took him a full day and night!

However, that did not prevent Huang Xiaolong from summoning the Gate of Hell again the moment he recovered, running over to the other side. Once again he fell onto an endless stretch of sand. Looking around, Huang Xiaolong determined it was the same location where he cultivated previously.

Arriving, Huang Xiaolong did not start cultivating immediately, but traveled forward for one hour before stopping to cultivate.

Two hours later, he returned to the Black Tortoise Galaxy.

The process repeated, turning into a routine.

One month later.

In the entire month, every time Huang Xiaolong crossed over to cultivate in Hell, he would only return to the Black Tortoise Galaxy when his battle qi was exhausted to recuperate, and then went back again to cultivate.

In the course of repeated crossings in that one month period, Huang Xiaolong realized one phenomenon: the place where he appeared next would always be the last location he was in before he left. What frustrated Huang Xiaolong was the fact that he was still stuck in the desert even after one month. Perhaps, like what Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi said, relying on his current speed, even if he traveled nonstop for half a year, he still wouldn't be able to leave this barren desert.

Thus, other than dry sand dunes, Huang Xiaolong did not come across any other living things in Hell. Not even a plant.

He was vexed.

"In fact, this might not be a bad thing." Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi spoke, "At your current strength, it would be extremely dangerous if you ran into any of Hell's living beings."

Huang Xiaolong nodded silently, he was well aware of this fact. Although he had never seen another living being in Hell, it was not hard to guess that Saint realm and God Realm were the weakest existences.

After that time, Huang Xiaolong no longer tried to leave the desert, focusing on absorbing the high grade spiritual energy and cultivating.

In the blink of an eye, five months were gone.

And these five months of cultivation, the result was better than what Huang Xiaolong had estimated. These five months of cultivation in Hell were even more beneficial than him cultivating in the Black Tortoise Galaxy for a decade or more, consuming an infinite supply of Grandmist Desire Golden Pills! After five months, just a day before the outer disciples' assessment, Huang Xiaolong finally advanced to Second Order God Realm!

That's right, Second Order God Realm!

Honestly, Huang Xiaolong had little to no chance of advancing to Second Order God Realm before the outer disciple assessment, but the benefits of cultivating in Hell's high quality spiritual energy environment were greater than he imagined.

Watching Huang Xiaolong advancing to Second Order God Realm, Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi couldn't resist sighing dramatically, emphasizing the fact that Huang Xiaolong was a freak more than ten times. Then his tone grew serious, "Tomorrow's the outer disciples assessment. If Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, and those brats knew that you're already a Second Order God Realm, they'd probably be scared to silly on the spot."

Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi's words weren't exactly an exaggeration. Although the assessment had yet to begin, he could already imagine the scene and the expressions on Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, the other disciples, and especially the Black Warrior Institute Principal Feng Yang when they realized that Huang Xiaolong had reached Second Order God Realm.

One must remember, three years ago when Huang Xiaolong passed the new disciple assessment, he was merely a half-step God Realm, not even a peak half-step God Realm. Yet, three years later, he soared to Second Order God Realm!

Half-step God Realm, peak half-step God Realm, early First Order God Realm, peak early First Order God Realm, mid-First Order, peak mid-First Order, late-First Order, peak late-First Order, and then one reached Second Order God Realm!

Even genius disciples belonging to other super forces could hardly bulldoze from half-step God Realm to Second Order God Realm given three hundred years' time!

Huang Xiaolong chuckled listening to Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi's act of woeful sighs. Following his current cultivation speed, in another three years he could advance to Third Order God Realm!

Within ten years, he could definitely break through to Fourth Order God Realm!

Upon breaking through to Fourth Order God Realm, one was considered a mid-level God Realm that had crossed over an important dividing line. There were cultivators that were stuck at this point their whole

life, unable to break through the barrier to mid-level God Realm. At that time, Huang Xiaolong's status and identity in the entire Black Tortoise Galaxy would be elevated to another prestige. A mid-level God Realm master, anywhere they went, super forces and families included, would easily receive treatment equivalent to an Elder.

...

Huang Xiaolong exited from the Xumi Temple.

Just as Huang Xiaolong walked out from his yard, he ran into eldest Senior Apprentice-brother Liu Yun, who came specifically to look for him.

"Fourth Junior-Apprentice brother, you finally came out." Seeing Huang Xiaolong exited his closed-door practice, Liu Yun's face showed a hint of joy when he smiled, "Tomorrow's the outer disciple assessment, if you still didn't come out today, I'm afraid our venerable Master was going to drag you out himself."

Huang Xiaolong scratched his head sheepishly, chuckling a little to hide his embarrassment.

"I know you like wine, so today I brought some good wine over. Come, let us brothers have a good drink." Senior Apprentice -brother Liu Yun took a step and pulled Huang Xiaolong to the garden at the back, opening a jug of wine and drinking with Huang Xiaolong.

"I got news that both Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan broke through to Second Order God Realm. Most importantly, it seems like Wang Biaoyuan has reached mid-Second Order God Realm." Senior Apprentice-brother Liu Yun added as he observed Huang Xiaolong carefully, "He has let the word out that he will defeat you on the assessment stage tomorrow. Junior Apprentice-brother, you must be careful."

Huang Xiaolong was moved by the concern in his Senior Apprentice-brother Liu Yun's eyes. He smiled reassuringly at Liu Yun saying, "Senior Apprentice-brother can rest assured, it won't be easy for Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, or anyone else who wants to defeat me tomorrow."

Mid-Second Order God Realm? Even if they were a mid-Third Order God Realm, he had the confidence to leave the opponent with half a life in just one punch.

[Chapter 555: A Spot Within the Top Five Is Already Not Bad](#)

Looking at Huang Xiaolong's confident expression, Liu Yun added an afterthought, "After advancing to mid-Second Order God Realm, Wang Biaoyuan's Indestructible Vajra Physique is at least ten times stronger than it was three years ago."

Due to Huang Xiaolong converging his aura, not even Liu Yun was able to see through his real cultivation. Therefore, despite knowing that Huang Xiaolong had amazing talent, he didn't hold much confidence in Huang Xiaolong defeating Wang Biaoyuan tomorrow.

In fact, not only Liu Yun, the whole of Black Warrior Institute's disciples, not a single person believed that Huang Xiaolong would be able to snatch the top spot this time. Nine-tenths of Black Warrior Institute's disciples were trading words back and forth, and most agreed that the outer disciple assessment's first place holder this time would be either Gudu Leng or Wang Biaoyuan.

To this point, Liu Yun continued, “Moreover, not only has Gudu Leng advanced to Second Order God Realm, I heard he has cultivated the Gudu Family’s supreme secret technique to the hundredth layer—reborn state, possessing regeneration power! His strength is probably more frightening than that Wang Biaoyuan’s!”

Huang Xiaolong nodded. During the time of his closed-door practice, he had asked Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi about the Gudu Family’s Solitary God’s Infinitude, thus he was aware of this technique formidable powers. Despite knowing that Gudu Leng had successfully practiced the Solitary God’s Infinitude to the hundredth layer, Huang Xiaolong did not place the matter in his heart.

Noticing the indifference on Huang Xiaolong’s face, Liu Yun knew that Huang Xiaolong really did not mind Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan, but he could only shake his head in secret. However, he did not say more to his Junior-Apprentice brother.

Both of them continued to drink while Liu Yun talked about matters related to cultivation. It was two hours later when Liu Yun took his leave.

After Liu Yun left, Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi said with a hint of mirth, “Little rascal Huang, obviously not even a single person believes that you’ll be able to take first place tomorrow ah, even your eldest Senior Apprentice-brother feels that you’re not Gudu Leng or Wang Bioyuan’s opponent. You must perform well tomorrow.”

Huang Xiaolong grinned, “Three years ago I was just a half-step God Realm, I cannot blame others if they don’t believe I can win the first place.”

A quiet night passed.

Inside a certain manor in the Black Tortoise World, Wang Biaoyuan’s stature flickered in unpredictable trajectories, resembling an agile butterfly in midair.

Moments later, Wang Biaoyuan landed noiselessly on the ground.

“Congratulations to Young Lord for reaching the ninth stage of the Flower Butterfly Fantasy Maneuver movement technique.” A similar Black Warrior Institute outer disciple from the Wang Family stepped forward with a flattering smile, “In tomorrow’s outer disciple assessment, the first place will surely belong to Young Lord!”

Wang Biaoyuan nodded with satisfaction, confidence surging from his body. Both of his fists tightly clenched as a sharp glint flickered in his eyes, “Huang Xiaolong, just you wait! The humiliation from three years ago, I’ll pay it back a hundred times. Tomorrow, in the assessment arena, I want you to kneel before me in front of everyone!”

Sensing the horrifying aura coming from Wang Biaoyuan’s body, that Wang Family disciple was frightened, taking a step back involuntarily.

“How are the things I ordered you to find out?” Wang Biaoyuan converged the aura surging out from his body, questioning the disciple.

That Wang Family disciple approached respectfully reporting, “In these three years, Huang Xiaolong has been in closed-door practice inside the Institute Principal’s Manor, he has yet to take one step out.

Therefore, this subordinate is unable to find out the extent of his strength, however, according to this subordinate's judgment, regardless of how they praise his heaven-defying talent and how bitterly he is cultivating, he cannot be more than a peak half-step God Realm."

Wang Biaoyuan nodded in agreement.

"In this subordinate's opinion, Young Lord defeating Huang Xiaolong tomorrow will absolutely be an easy matter. This time, Young Lord's real opponent is Gudu Leng. From what this subordinate found out, that Gudu Leng has advanced to Second Order God Realm, moreover, his Solitary God's Infinitude already reached the hundredth layer, definitely a formidable adversary." That Wang Family disciple added.

Wang Biaoyuan said, "That Gudu Leng really succeeded in cultivating the Solitary God's Infinitude to the hundredth layer, but, so what, I have the confidence to defeat him."

At this time, the other outer disciples were also busy sharpening their swords and knives in order to compete for a chance to enter the top ten, top three, or even the first place!

Many outer disciples with hundred years of cultivation who participated in the previous assessments were vying for the same chance to be promoted to an inner disciple, and these outer disciples' strength rivaled some inner disciple geniuses.

...

The night trickled by, giving way to the rising sun on the horizon, brightening the dark sky as the Black Warrior Institute began to hustle with an energetic buzz.

Although today was merely the outer disciples' assessment, due to Huang Xiaolong's status, as well as Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, and the others, the outer disciple assessment this time attracted the attention of many inner and elite disciples. Even the institute's Elders and Grand Elders showed up.

Inside the inner hall of his yard, Huang Xiaolong, who was meditating, opened his eyes. Looking at the sunlight coming through the window, he stood up and walked out of the inner hall. Just as Huang Xiaolong passed by the main hall, he caught sight of the Institute Principal Feng Yang sitting in the main hall.

Huang Xiaolong was stunned. Guessing that the Institute Principal was waiting for him, he approached saluting respectfully: "Master."

Institute Principal Feng Yang nodded lightly with a smile on his face, his eyes took in everything as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, "I have heard about the situation with Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan, if you meet these two persons in the outer disciple assessment today, there's no need force yourself, it's good enough if you can enter the top three."

Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly in his heart. He didn't expect the Institute Principal waited for him here just to say this. Looks like even his Master wasn't so confident that he'd be able to win the first place.

Top three? That meant third place.

Was this the highest expectation his Master had for him in this outer disciple assessment?

“Yes, Master.” Huang Xiaolong replied.

Black Warrior Institute Principal Feng Yang nodded, “Go, be careful.”

Huang Xiaolong answered affirmatively again, saluted, and left the manor, heading toward the assessment location. The outer disciple assessment was not conducted in the Supreme Harmony Hall but at the Hidden Dragon Arena. The Hidden Dragon Arena wasn’t that far away from Supreme Harmony Hall, it was built on the peak of a mountain several thousand li away from the it.

It didn’t take Huang Xiaolong much time to reach the peak where the Hidden Dragon Arena was located.

The mountain peak was lopped off by the Black Warrior Institute’s experts using Godforce and the Hidden Dragon Arena was built on the flat mountain surface. The large arena was forged from an extremely hard rock kernel, elevated half a meter from the ground, and was able to accommodate a few tens of thousands of people, whereas the area outside of the arena could take up to several hundred thousand.

“It’s Huang Xiaolong!”

Huang Xiaolong’s arrival immediately stirred the crowd. The disciples that had arrived earlier all turned to look at Huang Xiaolong.

Ignoring these people’s gazes, Huang Xiaolong descended beside the Hidden Dragon Arena.

“I wonder how high Huang Xiaolong’s strength is after three years.”

“I’ll bet he’s a peak half-God Realm at most. Without great fortune, there’s no way he can break through to God Realm.”

“If it’s like this, I’m afraid he can only enter the top three.”

“Top three? It’s already considered not bad if he can enter the top five.”

Similar mocking voices filled the arena.

[Chapter 556: Challenging Huang Xiaolong](#)

A minuscule frown creased Huang Xiaolong’s brows as these words grew crude and brazen, but it quickly smoothed out as he calmed down.

“Wang Biaoyuan is here!” Then, a loud shout came from the sea of disciples.

“Rumors say that Wang Biaoyuan has broken through to Second Order God Realm! Also, it’s not just early order, but mid-Second Order God Realm!”

Under many people’s gazes, several figures were flying toward the arena at rapid speed. At the front was none other than Wang Biaoyuan. Compared to three years ago, the domineering aura from Wang Biaoyuan’s body had increased, and the same ancient sword hung from his waist.

Wang Biaoyuan descended gently to the ground, his eyes scanned the crowd and very quickly found Huang Xiaolong, who was standing beside the arena stage. The temperature in his eyes dropped as he approached Huang Xiaolong.

“Huang Xiaolong, on the Hidden Dragon Arena stage, I will not show mercy!” Coming to a stop right in front of Huang Xiaolong, Wang Biaoyuan declared coldly. “Three years ago, what you gave me, I will return it a hundredfold to you today! I will trample on you ruthlessly!”

Huang Xiaolong’s expression was indifferent, “Is that so? I’ll be waiting then.”

Seeing the indifference on Huang Xiaolong’s face, an inexplicable fury surged in Wang Biaoyuan’s heart. Didn’t this punk get any wind of his current strength? Moreover, he didn’t believe that Huang Xiaolong could breakthrough to God Realm in a mere three years.

Repressing the fury in his heart with effort, Wang Biaoyuan issued a disdainful snort, “Little punk, just you wait, I’ll see how long you can keep this arrogance.” Throwing this sentence out, Wang Biaoyuan turned and walked away.

A short while later, Gudu Leng arrived, raising another commotion through the crowd. However, when Gudu Leng arrived, he did not say anything upon spotting Huang Xiaolong, yet the burning desire for battle in his eyes was felt by everyone present.

After Gudu Leng, it was Jiang Shaoze.

Jiang Shaoze was also one of the favored candidates for the top five rankings for this term’s outer disciple assessment.

Unlike Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan, Jiang Shaoze’s strength did not soar and advance to Second Order God Realm, however, at peak late-First Order God Realm, it was only half a step away.

Soon, Xu Shaoqing and the others also reached the arena.

Roughly one hour later, when the assessment was about to start, Elder Zhang Tianchuan appeared in the arena. He was also the overseer for this term’s outer disciple assessment.

Zhang Tianchuan landed softly on the stage, his sharp eyes sweeping across the gathered disciples before he briefly explained the rules and rewards for this time’s assessment.

The Black Warrior Institute had more than a hundred thousand outer disciples, thus not every outer disciple would take part in the assessment. In every term of outer disciple assessment, the Black Warrior Institute Elders would select the top hundred strongest outer disciples to take part. Only those one hundred outer disciples selected were eligible to participate.

Of course, dissatisfied disciples could choose to challenge any disciple within the selected one hundred. If the challenger defeated the selected disciple, challengers could take their spot, hence the eligibility to participate in the assessment.

“Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, Jiang Shaoze, Huang Xiaolong...” Zhang Tianchuan read out this term’s one hundred selected outer disciples name list.

Everyone could only guess if the Black Warrior Institute was intentional in their name list, having Gudu Leng at first place, Wang Biaoyuan second, third Jiang Shaoze, and Huang Xiaolong at fourth place! As for the fifth place, it was an outer disciple named Luo Kai.

Luo Kai was the champion in the disciple selection three terms prior.

One hundred names didn't take Zhang Tianchuan long to announce.

"Does any disciple want to issue a challenge?" After he was done reading the name list, Zhang Tianchuan looked around the arena and asked. "You can issue your challenge now." If no disciple issued any challenges, then the one hundred selected disciples would remain unchanged.

Seconds after Zhang Tianchuan's voice fell, a disciple had already stated his challenge.

"Liu Shicheng challenges Meng Ping." A tall burly young man leaped onto the Hidden Dragon Arena.

Then, a figure with a small stature floated down the arena stage as well, the challenged outer disciple, Meng Ping.

After a customary salute at each other, both disciples began their battle. But it didn't take long for the challenger disciple, Liu Shicheng to be defeated, falling off the arena stage in a sorry state.

Many challenges took place after that. Some were successful, but most disciples failed.

Slightly over an hour later, seeing that there were no more disciples wanting to challenge, he spoke, "Now I shall read out the selected top ten outer disciples for this assessment."

"Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, Jiang Shaoze, Huang Xiaolong, Luo Kai, Long Junfei, Su Guo, Xu Shaoqing, Wu Xiaoshi, Yang Yue."

Zhang Tianchuan paused momentarily before asking, "Within the hundred disciples, does anyone want to challenge the top ten?" Again, if no challenge was issued, the ranking would remain the same, with Huang Xiaolong at fourth place.

Of course, not every disciple was eligible to challenge the top ten, only those within the hundred names were eligible.

Zhang Tianchuan's question was met with a silent arena.

"This one is Xie Ning, I wish to challenge Huang Xiaolong." Suddenly, a figure leaped out, landing on the arena stage. It was a tall lean middle-aged man with a fair beardless face and a small pair of eyes.

The arena crowd was stunned and then broke out in an uproar.

There was actually someone who wanted to challenge Huang Xiaolong!

And it was the first place winner of the new disciple selection assessment two terms prior, Xie Ning! Actually, this Xie Ning was supposed to be one of the selected top ten, but unfortunately, his name wasn't on the final list. Therefore, he could only challenge for a spot.

Still, this challenge was unexpected for everyone, a very thrilling unforeseen event.

Huang Xiaolong won the new disciple selection three years ago and was known for his monstrous talent. Judging based on talent alone, he could be considered as the first person in ten million years. On top of that, Huang Xiaolong held the identity of being one of the Institute Principal's disciples. As such, in the last three years, he was a constant topic of discussion for many.

Huang Xiaolong had kept a low profile in the last three years, secluding himself in closed-door practice in the Institute Principal's manor, no one was able to determine his real strength.

Although the majority of people assumed that Huang Xiaolong could only reach peak half-step God Realm, a scarce number felt that he might have broken through to God Realm relying on his talent.

The crowd heated up as they looked forward to the upcoming challenge battle. Their gazes fixed onto Huang Xiaolong. Even Zhang Tianchuan couldn't resist casting a glance in Huang Xiaolong's direction. Three years had passed, he too was very curious about Huang Xiaolong's current strength.

Wang Biaoyuan, Gudu Leng, Jiang Shaoze, and the rest also looked at Huang Xiaolong.

As if he didn't notice the many strong gazes fixed on him, with a calm face and little movement, everyone merely felt a blur flash before their eyes and Huang Xiaolong was already standing on the Hidden Dragon Arena stage, in front of the challenger disciple Xie Ning.

Wang Biaoyuan, Gudu Leng, and many others' eyes narrowed.

'So fast!' This was the first thought that appeared in everyone's minds.

On the other hand, Zhang Tianchuan's eyes lit up, he didn't expect Huang Xiaolong's speed to have reached such an extent.

The challenger disciple, Xie Ning, was taken aback seeing Huang Xiaolong's abrupt appearance in front of him, but quickly calmed down. His eyes shone brightly staring at Huang Xiaolong. Taking a deep breath, he said, "Huang Xiaolong, please!" His own momentum soared the instant he said the words.

Fierce winds blew, the Hidden Dragon Arena seemed to be a world of brewing storms.

Xie Ning was the first place winner of the selection assessment two terms past, there was no doubt that he was a strong character, recognized by many outer disciples as the first person under Second Order God Realm.

[Chapter 557: A Sigh](#)

Sensing the powerful momentum coming from Xie Ning, the spectating crowd tensed up, including Jiang Shaoze, Luo Kai, Long Fei Jun, Su Guo, Xu Shaoqing, Wu Xiaoshi, Yang Yue—all the disciples listed into the top ten rankings, except for Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan, who remained indifferent. Both geniuses managed to veil the shock in their hearts with the indifferent expression on their faces, from Xie Ning's rising momentum, it was safe to say that his cultivation had reached peak late-First Order God Realm.

"Peak late-First Order God Realm! Xie Ning has actually advanced to the peak of late-First Order God Realm!"

"We're in for a good show this time! You can just tell that Huang Xiaolong isn't Xie Ning's opponent at all! If he's defeated by Xie Ning, he's going to lose face big time. At that time, he won't even be inside the top ten ranks!"

Uninhibited opinions sounded loudly below the arena stage.

According to the challenge rules, if Huang Xiaolong lost to Xie Ning, then Xie Ning would replace him within the top ten. On top of that, Huang Xiaolong would not be allowed to issue a challenge to other disciples in the top ten ranks. In short, Huang Xiaolong would be barred from the top ten ranks in this term's assessment.

"Who can say for sure? Three years ago, the Wang Family's four First Order God Realm guards weren't Huang Xiaolong's opponent despite their joint attack. Although Xie Ning is a peak late-First Order God Realm, it's not that easy to defeat Huang Xiaolong."

Still, the majority of outer disciples didn't think that Huang Xiaolong held a high chance of winning over Xie Ning, those of contrary opinion were extremely small in number. Especially when four late-First Order God Realm Wang Family guards ended in a sorry state with just one palm strike from Huang Xiaolong in the Hall of Heroes square, even when they had more people. This matter was no secret, everyone in the arena had heard of it one way or another. That spoke volumes about Huang Xiaolong's strength even then.

Huang Xiaolong, without a doubt, could only be stronger than three years before.

"Huh, four great late-First Order God Realm join hands? Let me tell you something, a few days ago when Xie Ning went out to perform a task, he was besieged by six peak late-First Order God Realm masters. Come, take a guess what happened in the end. All six peak late-First Order God Realm attackers died in Xie Ning's hands!" At one point, an outer disciple clamored in his sonorous voice, "It's just that not many people know about this matter. Xie Ning's strength absolutely qualifies him a spot in the top five." The instant this disciple's voice sounded, the arena was astir.

Six peak late-First Order God Realm masters' besiegement ended with total annihilation in Xie Ning's hands!

What kind of strength was this?! Even an average mid-Second Order God Realm master couldn't have done better.

In that instant, the low number of Huang Xiaolong's supporters was swayed. Huang Xiaolong was indeed very strong three years ago, but no one knew how much his strength had increased since then.

Could Huang Xiaolong win over Xie Ning? Could he kill six peak late-First Order God Realm masters like Xie Ning did?

In the end, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation time was too short, not even forty years. No one would believe that someone who had cultivated for a little over thirty years was capable of killing six peak late-First Order God Realm masters at the same time.

On the platform, Zhang Tianchuan was frowning after sensing Xie Ning's aura. Xie Ning's strength had indeed exceeded his estimation. His gaze shifted onto Huang Xiaolong with a faint worry in it. He was confident in Huang Xiaolong initially, but now, he too felt that Huang Xiaolong's chances were bleak.

At a corner of the arena, Wang Biaoyuan's lips curved up into a derisive sneer looking in Huang Xiaolong's direction. He was waiting to see how Huang Xiaolong would handle the situation.

With each to their own thoughts, Xie Ning's momentum continued to rise, transforming the energy around him into fearsome tempestuous wind. His eyes turned a glaring crimson, as if there were two sparks of ferocious fire raging inside.

"Sound of Striking Thunder Palm!" Xie Ning hollered, sounding like an angry thunder from heavens. His body propelled forward like a tornado, closing the distance to Huang Xiaolong in an instant, with both palms poised to strike.

He dared not underestimate Huang Xiaolong, therefore he exerted full power in this attack. It was his ultimate winning move!

He wished to defeat Huang Xiaolong in a single move!

He wanted to crush Huang Xiaolong in the most devastating manner!

He wanted the upper levels of the Black Warrior Institute to know that the top ten outer disciples name list they had compiled this time was a mistake. A great mistake! His strength qualified him a spot within the top five. Him! Not Huang Xiaolong, a punk that wasn't even a peak half-step God Realm three years ago.

Of course, his name, Xie Ning, would resound loud and clear in the entire galaxy once he defeated Huang Xiaolong.

Although Huang Xiaolong was the Institute Principal's personal disciple, no one could find fault with his action, for he would defeat Huang Xiaolong fair and square on the arena stage. Not even the Institute Principal could say anything. But his ultimate confidence lied in his Xie Family, as one of the galaxy's super forces.

Watching Xie Ning attack, the whole arena went into an abrupt silence, holding in their breaths with eyes wide-open as if they were afraid to miss any interesting detail.

Just when Xie Ning's palms were about to land on Huang Xiaolong's torso, a sigh sounded from Huang Xiaolong. This low, audible sigh seemed to originate from an ancient time, as if myriad gods were sighing, a sigh that traveled from the depths of hell, coming from the death god.

Everyone in the arena heard the low sigh clearly, but no one was able to accurately describe this sigh. They only felt a shudder to their core, as if enveloped by an uncomfortable cocoon.

Those who stood close to the arena stage were trying to calm their qi and blood that were seething violently.

On the stage, Xie Ning had the impression that he was knocked back by a giant hand, unable to bite down the scream coming out from his mouth. The fierce, tempestuous wind around him shattered and dissipated as he tumbled back in the air, several li away, slamming heavily on the edge of the stage.

His crash shook the entire Hidden Dragon Arena stage.

Yet, the sound of that sigh was still reverberating in the air, drumming in the crowd's ears, clenching at their hearts, shaking their souls.

It was a long time later before the sigh dissipated. By then, weaker disciples in the arena had gone white as a sheet.

No one dared to make a sound and the arena fell into deathly silence.

The feeble groan coming out from Xie Ning's lips at the edge of the stage sounded harsh to the ears. All eyes never left Huang Xiaolong.

Jiang Shaoze, Luo Kai, Long Junfei, Su Guo, Xu Shaoqing, Wu Xiaoshi, Yang Yue, and the rest of the hundred disciples were staring at Huang Xiaolong with flabbergasted shock stamped on their faces. Especially Jiang Shaoze, feeling his limbs grow cold.

Three years ago, when Huang Xiaolong came out of nowhere and snatched the first place in the new disciple selection assessment, he was one of many that felt unreconciled. Just moments ago, he was still thinking of a way to test Huang Xiaolong's strength.

But now!

A low sounding sigh defeated a peak late-First Order God Realm Xie Ning! This was even more appalling than that single palm strike defeating the four Wang Family masters.

No one made a sound, not even Gudu Leng or Wang Biaoyuan. However, the look in their eyes clearly exposed the great waves crashing in their hearts. Yes, they were a little bit frightened.

On the platform, Zhang Tianchuan's eyelids were twitching in great momentum. He was just left dumbstruck. He could tell, Huang Xiaolong's mere sigh actually contained a mysterious sound based battle skill, but even so, he couldn't determine Huang Xiaolong's real strength.

A masterpiece genius! These words emerged in his mind.

As usual, Huang Xiaolong ignored all the stunned expressions directed his way. Retrieving his gaze from Xie Ning's body, he looked where the hundred disciples were standing. "Anyone else wants to challenge?"

Being subjected to Huang Xiaolong's gaze, the disciples retreated a step by reflex so that Huang Xiaolong would not misunderstand.

Xie Ning was asking for it. They begged to differ.

[Chapter 558: Allow Me to Make the First Move?](#)

In the end, no one was brave enough to challenge Huang Xiaolong again.

Huang Xiaolong's place within the top ten ranks was set in stone.

However, the fact that no one dared to challenge Huang Xiaolong did not mean that no one dared to challenge the other nine of the top ten disciples.

"Deng Lei wishes to challenge Yang Yue!"

A challenger disciple named Deng Lei stepped up to the stage, challenging one of the top ten, Yang Yue. This new challenge roused quite a reaction from the spectating crowd of disciples, for Deng Lei had

some reputation due to his strength, despite being a late-First Order God Realm. Also, he came in second after Xie Ning in the term before the previous new disciple selection assessment.

Unexpected for everyone, Deng Lei too failed in his challenge against Yang Yue.

Needless to say, although Yang Yue managed to fend off Deng Lei, his win did not come as easy as Huang Xiaolong's did. His was a bitter battle over his challenger before coming out on top.

After Deng Lei, many more challengers appeared for the top ten ranking disciples in succession. Such as Long Junfei, Su Guo, Xu Shaoqing, Wu Xiaoshi, and the rest. Xu Shaoqing's challenger succeeded, throwing Xu Shaoqing out of the top ten ranks. She was replaced by a disciple named Fang Qun. Though challenges were issued one after another, none dared to point the spear at Gudu Leng or Wang Biaoyuan.

More than an hour later, the top ten name list was finally determined. According to the rules, once the top ten were determined, next came the battle for the first place.

These ten names weren't named like it was previously done. Instead, Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, Huang Xiaolong, and the rest of the top ten who felt that they had the qualifications to take the first place were to walk up the stage and accept the challenge from the remaining nine people.

But, no one made a move after Zhang Tianchuan finished speaking, surrounded by silence. Everyone knew that being the first one to go up was a thankless job, having to accept all nine people's challenges.

A light flickered in Gudu Leng's eyes just as he prepared to go up the arena stage when a shadow flashed before his eyes, landing on the stage center.

"Huang Xiaolong!"

Gasps were heard all around.

Yes, the first person who went up the Hidden Dragon Arena stage was Huang Xiaolong. Watching that figure standing at the center of the stage, most people were momentarily stunned. Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan both were no exception.

No one expected Huang Xiaolong to act so decisively, showing his edge—being the first person up, challenging all nine others.

'This punk thinks he's number one just because he won over Xie Ning!' Wang Biaoyuan sneered inwardly, although it was out of his and most people's expectations that Huang Xiaolong was able to defeat Xie Ning, that victory didn't mean anything in Wang Biaoyuan's eyes. With his current strength, he could easily crush a peak late-First Order God Realm like Xie Ning to death with half a move.

The gap between a Second Order and a First Order were poles apart.

Landing on the Hidden Dragon Arena stage while ignoring the whispers and astounded expressions, Huang Xiaolong's swept over Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan, speaking as if he was talking about the fine weather, "I proclaim myself as the first place holder, who wants to challenge me?"

The noisy crowd quieted at his words and the focus fell on the nine remaining top ten rankers, especially Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan.

“How is it? No one dares to come up?” After a while, seeing no one make any move, Huang Xiaolong casually ‘nudged’ them.

A sharp glint exploded in Wang Biaoyuan’s eyes, but when he was about to leap out, a silhouette had already landed in front of Huang Xiaolong.

“Luo Kai!” When everyone saw the challenger’s face, the crowd clamored.

Luo Kai—first place in the new disciple selection assessment three terms ago, it was acknowledged that his strength qualified him a spot within the top five, but the majority secretly felt that only Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan could be Huang Xiaolong’s opponents.

Luo Kai going up to challenge Huang Xiaolong, wasn’t that the same as seeking death?

Seeing that it was Luo Kai who came to challenge him, Huang Xiaolong was also surprised.

Luo Kai remained calm despite the less than encouraging words coming from below the stage, his eyes were ablaze with fighting spirit as he said, “Huang Xiaolong, I admit you are indeed very strong, even Xie Ning is not your opponent. But today, I will fight you, and defeat you!” A powerful momentum exploded from Luo Kai’s body, matching the flames in his eyes.

As Luo Kai’s momentum rose, the entire stage seemed to quake under pressure. This brought another wave of shock, because...

“Second Order God Realm!”

“Oh heavens, Luo Kai has actually broke through Second Order God Realm!”

Shock, disbelief, and surprise filled the arena.

Those who had thought that Luo Kai was merely seeking death in challenging Huang Xiaolong were forced to swallow their words.

Upon reaching the God Realm, each small advance was difficult. With each advance one’s strength would double, and from peak late-First Order to Second Order it was much more than a simple strength enhancement.

A peak late-First Order God Realm was still a First Order, whereas a Second Order, even a mere early Second Order, had left any First Order God Realm in the dust.

Huang Xiaolong was able to defeat the peak late-First Order Xie Ning, but could he defeat the Second Order Luo Kai?

No one could say for sure.

Gudu Leng, Wang Biaoyuan, and the others were also blindsided by Luo Kai, none of them expected that in this outer disciples assessment there would be another Second Order God Realm other than the two of them. This Luo Kai really hid too deeply, pulling the wool over everyone’s eyes. No wonder he dared to challenge Huang Xiaolong.

On the platform, surprise flickered in Zhang Tianchuan’s eyes, this Luo Kai had broken through to Second Order!

Standing opposite of Luo Kai, Huang Xiaolong looked unperturbed by the surge of momentum released by Luo Kai. Second Order God Realm? No wonder he was so confident, declaring that he would defeat Huang Xiaolong.

When Luo Kai's aura rose to the peak, it stopped. Feeling the changes in the surrounding disciples, he looked across at Huang Xiaolong and said, "Huang Xiaolong, make your move. To show my respect for the Institute Principal, I'll let you make the first move." A hint of conceit flitted in his eyes.

To show my respect for the Institute Principal, I'll let you make the first move? The surrounding disciples gasped in shock, then became excited! Luo Kai was arrogant, but they liked it!

Some disciples even began to cheer Luo Kai on loudly.

"Are you sure you want to let me go first?" Huang Xiaolong asked with a hint of ambiguous smile hanging on his lips.

"That's right." Luo Kai nodded with confidence.

The instant Luo Kai said so, Huang Xiaolong made his move. In a flicker, he already narrowed the distance between him and Luo Kai, then a fist punched out. No superfluous movements, not even a tiny energy fluctuation was detected.

Luo Kai was startled. In a panic, he raised his own fist to meet Huang Xiaolong's fist resulting in two fists collision. At that precise moment, Luo Kai went deathly pale. His conceit, pride, and arrogance from earlier were shattered by Huang Xiaolong's fist, giving birth to indescribable fear and horror.

A thunderous blast resounded, followed by a tragic wail as the silhouette of a person was sent flying in the air, slamming down below the Hidden Dragon Arena. A loud thud was heard, raising a curtain of dust in the air.

The disciples cheering on Luo Kai stiffened, the excitement vanished from their faces, replaced with bewilderment and daze.

Did Luo Kai really broke through to Second Order God Realm?

A Second Order God Realm's battle ended just like that?

It still ended with one move!

Gazes moved to the figure lying below the Hidden Dragon Arena stage, unsure if Luo Kai was still alive or otherwise. Sharp gasps could be heard, the disciples that were cheering for Luo Kai moments ago were trembling uncontrollably.

Both Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan's faces twitched.

[Chapter 559: Wang Biaoyuan's True Strength!](#)

The crowd was dumbstruck watching what transpired before them—Luo Kai lost! Just like Xie Ning before him, he was thoroughly defeated!

Yet Luo Kai's arrogant declaration that he would defeat Huang Xiaolong moments ago was still resonating in their ears. On the platform, Zhang Tianchuan was experiencing reverberating shock

underneath his poised appearance. Truth be told, he had thought that it would be an extremely arduous fight if Huang Xiaolong wanted to win over a Second Order God Realm Luo Kai even if he had the slimmest possibility of success. Never had he imagined that the arduous battle he assumed would take place was settled in just one move!

Victory in one move!

The most crucial point was that Huang Xiaolong did not use a shred of battle qi. Whether it was against Xie Ning or Luo Kai just now, both battles were based on the power of his physical flesh! This was what astounded everyone.

Merely relying on the toughness of his flesh, Huang Xiaolong subdued a Second Order God Realm master, what horrifying level had his strength reached?!

This had gone beyond the level of an outstanding monstrous genius, it could be called super horrifyingly invincible outstanding monstrous genius!

That's right, invincible! That was the feeling Huang Xiaolong gave Zhang Tianchuan—invincible. For one second there, there was a fleeting feeling telling him that not even a late Second Order God Realm would be Huang Xiaolong's opponent. Huang Xiaolong would still win!

No one uttered a sound.

No one dared to utter a sound.

Huang Xiaolong removed his gaze from Luo Kai's body. Initially, he hasn't intended to be so heavy-handed toward Luo Kai, but since this fellow said that he would defeat him, even allowing him to make the first move, the contempt in Luo Kai's eyes slightly upset him.

What Huang Xiaolong hated most was this kind of people, no real strength yet loved to put on a self-righteous pretense. Not that one couldn't be a pretentious prick but be smart in choosing the target.

Huang Xiaolong turned back toward the top ten group, sweeping over Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan, "Anyone else would like to challenge?"

The crowd instantly regained their senses, gazes from all around were obviously directed at both Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan. Needless to say, literally everyone was thinking the same thing: only Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan could suppress Huang Xiaolong.

Sensing the pointed gazes on their bodies, Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan recovered from their shock, immediately returning to their usual calmness. However, at this moment, hesitation lurked within Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan. Obviously, neither one wanted to be Huang Xiaolong's next challenger.

While an awkward silence hung in the air, Wang Biaoyuan suddenly leaped onto the Hidden Dragon Arena, landing opposite of Huang Xiaolong.

The silence was shattered as the crowd cheered with anticipation.

Who hadn't heard the news of Wang Biaoyuan's advancement to mid-Second Order God Realm? Before the assessment, everyone had thought that the first place in this time's assessment belonged to Wang

Biaoyuan, but now, the question was, could Wang Biaoyuan defeat Huang Xiaolong and snatch the first place?

The crowd fixed their gazes on the arena, giving the two people on it their undivided attention, unblinking.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Wang Biaoyuan, speaking with a calm face, "You're not my opponent, you and Gudu Leng both should come up together."

The instant Huang Xiaolong's words were spoken, the arena broke into an uproar.

"What did Huang Xiaolong say?! He wants Wang Biaoyuan and Gudu Leng to attack together? This... is madness!"

"He really thinks he's invincible?"

The crowd's first reaction was to clamor that Huang Xiaolong was overestimating himself.

Rumors had been circulating that Wang Biaoyuan had advanced to mid-Second Order God Realm, and his Indestructible Vajra Physique was harder than a pseudo-divine artifact. There was a little-known rumor that all the peak late-Second Order God Realm masters of the Wang Family weren't his opponents. And Gudu Leng had not only broken through to Second Order God Realm, he had also cultivated the Gudu Family's supreme secret technique, the Solitary God's Infinitude to the hundredth layer, generating the power of rebirth. His real strength was unfathomable.

Against either one of them, Huang Xiaolong couldn't even win for sure, but now he wanted both geniuses to attack him together?!

On the platform, Zhang Tianchuan was frowning. Still, he felt that Huang Xiaolong wasn't a person that uttered arrogant words without the strength to back it up. But, could Huang Xiaolong really battle Gudu Leng and Wang Biaoyuan simultaneously?

Inwardly, Zhang Tianchuan shook his head.

While everyone was clamoring, Wang Biaoyuan's fury soared after a second of daze. Fury mingled with hate erupted like a wrathful volcano.

"Huang Xiaolong, you!" His rage uncontrollable, eyes red with fury as he roared, "You think just because you defeated a measly early Second Order God Realm, that the first place is yours?! I'll let you know now who's the real outstanding genius, who is this assessment's first place holder!" By the time his words were finished, the momentum coming from his body had reached the peak, muffled air blasts could be heard all around him.

Eye-piercing rays of aureate light shone from Wang Biaoyuan's body, causing pain in everyone's eyes.

"This is, i-is, late-Second Order God Realm?!"

"Oh God, Wang Biaoyuan isn't a mid-Second Order God Realm, but a late-Second Order God Realm!"

In a matter of seconds, the crowd was stupefied by the Wang Biaoyuan's display of strength, babbling incoherently.

A late-Second Order God Realm! His true strength wasn't like the rumors said at all, a mid-Second Order God Realm, but a late-Second Order! Wang Biaoyuan actually concealed his true strength.

The crowd drowned in surprise and excitement. Even the calm and collected Gudu Leng felt his eyelids spasms. Zhang Tianchuan was nearly agape at the sudden revelation. This time's outer disciples assessment brought too many surprises, each more shocking than the last.

In past assessments, one late-First Order God Realm disciple emerging was already big news and would have definitely been the first place winner without much suspense, but this time, Wang Biaoyuan was actually a late-Second Order God Realm!

"Peerless genius! Wang Biaoyuan's talent is truly awe-inspiring. Didn't he just break through to early First Order God Realm three years ago? In three years he has climbed all the way to late-Second Order! So terrifying!"

"That's right, this is what you call an outstanding peerless genius! It's the end of the road for Huang Xiaolong! I don't believe he can defeat a late-Second Order God Realm Wang Biaoyuan!"

Faces in the crowd flushed red with excitement, hands punching the air, for they were witnessing a miracle. A miracle no one thought possible, a miracle of shattering the orders from early First Order God Realm to late-Second Order God Realm within three years!

No one had ever boasted this level of cultivation speed!

Although Wang Biaoyuan was able to achieve this due to the pure metal essence he found, it was still a miracle regardless of the reason. A miracle!

From time immemorial, ever since the Black Warrior Institute was established, thirty million years ago, never once had a late-Second Order God Realm outer disciple appeared in the assessment. But one had appeared now—Wang Biaoyuan!

Wang Biaoyuan exuded full pressure from his body without any intention of holding back, he wanted to jar everyone, awe everyone. He wanted this ignorant punk Huang Xiaolong to know how foolish, idiotic, and ludicrous his words earlier were!

'Everyone, be astounded by me, awed by me!'

A radiant golden armor protected Wang Biaoyuan's body, resembling a primordial war god. The Indestructible Vajra Physique's bloodline power had fully awakened, exuding a sharp indestructible aura that could pierce a hole in the sky.

"Huang Xiaolong, if you kneel and beg for mercy now I can still leave you some face, so that your loss won't be too unsightly." Wang Biaoyuan glared coldly at Huang Xiaolong.

The crowd held their breaths.

Kneel and beg for mercy?! Leave you some face?!

This was blatant face-slapping in public.

Zhang Tianchuan's brows were tightly scrunched together. No matter what, Huang Xiaolong was still the Institute Principal's personal disciple, Wang Biaoyuan actually wanted him to get on his knees and beg? Wang Biaoyuan had forgotten himself, it seems. These super forces' disciples needed to be given extra 'care' in the future.

[Chapter 560: Still Only One Move!](#)

Unlike everyone else around him, Huang Xiaolong seemed no different after Wang Biaoyuan's display of power and might. A minuscule difference that went undetected was the iciness that glazed over his pupils when Wang Biaoyuan told him to kneel and beg for mercy.

Kneel down and beg? Huang Xiaolong sneered: "One move."

One move?

All the gathered disciples were baffled by this sentence that came out from Huang Xiaolong's mouth, but when it finally dawned on them the meaning of Huang Xiaolong's words, the whole arena looked as if it was about to split into half from the crowd's reaction.

"One move? Is this Huang Xiaolong saying that he only needs one move to defeat Wang Biaoyuan?!"

"Damn, isn't he acting too brazen?! Did he damage his brain knocking against a door somewhere? Is he blind as well? Didn't he see Wang Biaoyuan's late-Second Order God Realm strength right in front of him? He still thinks he can win over Wang Biaoyuan?! It's already the greatest miracle if he can defeat Wang Biaoyuan, forget doing it in one move!"

"That's right, if he really can defeat Wang Biaoyuan in one move, I'll kill myself by slamming my head against this Hidden Dragon Arena."

When Huang Xiaolong said that Wang Biaoyuan wasn't his opponent in the beginning, and instead 'suggested' both Wang Biaoyuan and Gudu Leng to join hands, the crowd was already indignant with Huang Xiaolong's arrogance. Huang Xiaolong didn't seem that pleasing to the eyes anymore.

And now, Huang Xiaolong's exaggerated claim of defeating Wang Biaoyuan in one move had completely drawn the crowd's anger. This caused them to be in an extremely bad mood.

Some were enraged to the point of forgetting Huang Xiaolong's identity, shooting a ferocious glare at Huang Xiaolong. Even those who had supported Huang Xiaolong in the beginning felt that Huang Xiaolong's arrogance had gone over the limit.

Zhang Tianchuan didn't even hide his disappointment, shaking his head on the platform. Indeed, this Huang Xiaolong was an outstanding peerless genius, a talent worthy to be nurtured by their Black Warrior Institute, but this little guy's temperament needed a little bit more grinding.

Gudu Leng snorted in obvious contempt at Huang Xiaolong's words. Similar to everyone present, he too felt that Huang Xiaolong's pride had gone to his head. Did he think that defeating both Xie Ning and Luo Kao, allowed him to swagger without fetters? Did he take Wang Biaoyuan for the likes of Xie Ning or Luo Kai?

Wang Biaoyuan was a true blue late-Second Order God Realm!

After breaking into Second Order God Realm, he understood more than the other disciples here what a late-Second Order God Realm meant. Even him, who successfully practiced the Gudu Family's Solitary God's Infinitude until the hundredth layer, possessing the reborn power, wasn't confident in being able to defeat Wang Biaoyuan. As for completing that feat in one move, that was ludicrous, a joke, the words of a fool!

After blanking out for a second, Wang Biaoyuan pointed a finger at Huang Xiaolong and broke out in wanton laughter. The laughter hid his indescribable fury. He wasn't this freaking mad even when Huang Xiaolong defeated him in public three years ago.

"Good, good!" Wang Biaoyuan's eyes were crimson like blood, "Huang Xiaolong, if you can really defeat me in one move, I shall kneel and beg for mercy before you!" Not waiting a moment longer, Wang Biaoyuan's figure flew out, his fist aimed at Huang Xiaolong.

In the air, his figure flickered in an unpredictable manner, leaving more than a dozen afterimages in different locations, sometimes appearing, sometimes swerving away. From outside the stage, Wang Biaoyuan looked like an illusory butterfly that contained a horrifying murderous intent. An invisible energy rushed toward Huang Xiaolong.

"That is the Flower Butterfly Fantasy Maneuver movement technique!"

"Flower Butterfly Fantasy Maneuver movement technique?! If I'm right, this skill was created by Venerable Fantasy a hundred thousand years ago and has disappeared for more than ten thousand years. It is said that this Flower Butterfly Fantasy Maneuver movement technique is unpredictable, one can hardly defend against it. Could Wang Biaoyuan have found Venerable Fantasy's immortal cave?!"

Those who heard this exclaimed in shock.

Just as the crowd exclaimed, the power in Wang Biaoyuan's fists exploded, striking at Huang Xiaolong.

"Immovable Wisdom King's Godking Fist!"

Fists whistled through the air, each shrouded in a scary ball of flames that rippled in space. At this point, Wang Biaoyuan's fists were no longer simple fists, more like catastrophic meteors falling from the sky, carrying a tail of scorching flames and a terrifying power of destruction, exuding an aura that would kill God if a God blocks, kill Buddha if Buddha blocks. Wang Biaoyuan's only aim was to blast Huang Xiaolong into a million pieces in one attack!

Zhang Tianchuan's frown deepened as he watched from the platform. Should he intervene? If this strike hit, although Huang Xiaolong wouldn't die, he'd suffer grave injuries. How was he supposed to explain to the Institute Principal then? Moreover, great harm was not allowed to fall on Huang Xiaolong.

However, the rules prohibited anyone from interfering. As the overseer of this round's assessment, if he was the one who broke the rules, then...?

While Zhang Tianchuan was caught in a dilemma, Wang Biaoyuan's fists were only meters away from Huang Xiaolong. As he got nearer to Huang Xiaolong, a brutal light flickered in Wang Biaoyuan's eyes, 'Huang Xiaolong, go DIE—!'

Watching as Wang Biaoyuan's fists were about to strike Huang Xiaolong, suddenly a vast, overwhelming energy surged out vigorously from Huang Xiaolong's body. Before this wave of energy, the sky trembled as if it was about to collapse, the earth sinking in.

Everyone's breaths were stuck in their chests, as if a great mountain was pressing down on them. Their souls trembled, an inexplicable intention to prostrate emerged in their minds. Confusion, bewilderment, apprehension, all mixed into one.

Wang Biaoyuan's face tightened.

Gudu Leng's face tightened.

So did Zhang Tianchuan's expression.

A layer of black scale armor covered Huang Xiaolong's body, two horns protruded from his forehead, the Wings of Demon spread majestically behind him as groups of blackish-red energy covered the entire Hidden Dragon Arena stage.

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong moved. The Wings of Demon flapped, revealing the profound golden hellish symbols on their surface.

Wang Biaoyuan barely caught sight of a blurry black shadow when two black fists grew bigger in his pupils. His eyes widened in alarm, then, rumble! A sharp ear-splitting blast resounded, as if heaven and earth split into two. His Immovable Wisdom King's Godking Fist collided with the two black fists.

The high frequency stabbed at Wang Biaoyuan's eardrums, and before he could react, an overwhelming, tyrannical power crashed against him like a giant tidal wave. At this moment, he had a feeling that he was nothing more than a pebble that fell into the vast sea.

That tyrannical power struck straight at his chest. His body quivered badly, tumbling backwards. One moment he was bouncing off clouds, and in the next moment, his body slammed heavily on the ground. Wang Biaoyuan lost his consciousness at that point, sinking into oblivion.

Huang Xiaolong landed gently back on the Hidden Dragon Arena, yet the stage groaned in protest. With Huang Xiaolong's feet as the center, cracks spread out in all directions.

Although the Hidden Dragon Arena stage was built from extremely hard rock kernel, it had a limit of endurance, it couldn't withstand the power of a Third Order God Realm. Because, in regular outer disciples assessment, the strongest would only possess the strength of a First Order God Realm, hence, from the Black Warrior Institute management's perspective, no outer disciple could break the Hidden Dragon Arena that could withstand close to a Third Order God Realm master's strength.

But now!

Dumbfounded!

Watching these events taking place, their dumbfounded brains were empty of anything else.

Wang Biaoyuan laid sprawled below the arena, his clothes torn to rags that were drenched with his blood. His Indestructible Vajra Physique had lost its use, his indestructible iron fists that everyone idolized were mangled to an unrecognizable degree. Even his bones seemed broken.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the stage, akin to an ancient overlord, exuding an irrefutable dragon might and the chilling cold air of a death god.

“God-God, Second Order God Realm!” Gudu Leng stammered incoherently, his tongue twisted into a knot and his face was ash-gray.

This time, Huang Xiaolong no longer hid his aura.

Second Order God Realm!

Everyone froze: they couldn't believe, unable to believe, and dared not believe.

On the platform, Zhang Tianchuan was trembling all over, one he knew if it was because of excitement or shock.

One move, it was indeed one move!

Still, only one move!